

1647
Mercurius Nonsensicus.

WRITTEN FOR THE
Use of the simple Vnderstander.

By J O H N T A Y L O R.

*Like to a whirle-wind in a Taylors thimble,
Or like a gouty Tumbler, quick and nimble,
Or like Hay making in a shewre of raine,
Or like a Wedding where there are not twaine;
This booke compar'd, and uncompar'd you'll find,
As like as is the Water to the Winds.*

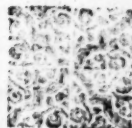


Printed in the Yeere, 1648.

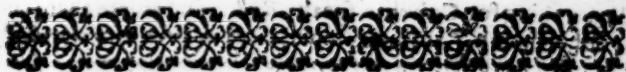
WRITTEN FOR THE
Use of the simple Vnderstander.

By JOHN TAYLOR.

Like to a simple mind in a young child,
like a green field, quick and simple,
Or like the morning in a new day,
Or like a Western wind, where we are not tame;
I this book compare, and I would have you find,
As like as the water to the tide.



Printed in the Year, 1648.



Mercurius Nonsensicus.



His age wherein no man knowes whether he lives or not lives; whether he wakes, or dreames; when he can hardly trust his cares with what he heares; believe his owne eyes, wherewith he sees; or give credit to his owne heart; with which he payes it with thinking, Round, unsound, as rotten as a rag, with a W for Jack-adandy.

A Plot, a Plot, a most horrible, terrible, execrable, detestable, abhominable, and damnable Plot; discovered strangely upon *Newmarket Heath*, where (time out of minde) there hath been a Vault with a secret unknowne Trap-doore; which doore being left open (by negligence) an old blind Woman stumbled, and tumbled into the Vault; where she saw 40000. Horse, all Man'd, or back'd with brave, bold, desperate, valiant, violent, coragious *Don Quixots*, Lord *Phachums*, Knights of the *Sunne*, and of the Illustrious order of the burning Pestle, with many Reformadoes, and Rodomontadoes, and others: it is a strange discovery that a blind Woman was the first that saw it, and she presently told it to a deafe Woman, the deafe Woman related it to a lame Woman, the lame Woman told it to a dumb Woman, and she came post upon a lame Horse, and discovered the whole busines to me as I have related to you, what it will come to I can tell you, nothing: old time hath made more Metamorphosis lately then ever Ovid did, or could doe; time hath transformed the signe of St. *Martin* into a Goat, and old Charing Crosse into Knife hasts, and Salt-sellers, meane Men are Men of meanes; and Men of meanes are meane Men, without meanes, money, Cloathes or cred-

dit: *Bulls* were wont to beget *Calves*, but now it is an ordinary thing for *Calves* to speake *Bulls*, and create them by word of mouth; (as for example) *Goe you three both together, and I will run before you and overtake you presently*; or as a fellow lately (well filled with drinke) said that he could drinke noe more then an *Apple* is like an *Oyster*; but he could sleepe like an arrow out of a *Bow*: and therefore (*Sirra*) have a care how you behave your selfe when you come to present an *Apple* to my Lords Ape, or my Ladyes Monkey, *Kisse your legges and make a hand finely*; and (for all our fooling) there are many that did begin a monstrous bigge huge Quarrell, that would be glad to doe their best to be quiet, and end a brabbling businessse: *twit, twat, tush, puffe, mew*, all are but words to fill up a sheet in print; there is more adoe with lack-an- Apes then with all the Beares.

This is easie stuffe to be read; but it will trouble a deepe understanding to pick out the meaning; *Homicide, Fratricide, Matricide, Parricide, Regicide* (in the dayes of King *Edmund Ironside*) was on the Bank side, and in Cheap side accounted as bad as killing of folkes; blesse us from a mad dogg, and the fall of a Wind-Mill: all Scots be not Knaves, nor are all English men over burthened with honesty; for though a soft Maulke makes a sweet fire, yet all is not Gold that glisters, and there is now as much difference between Eggs and Onions as ever there was.

When a mans Corps and Capacity are both grosse, it is signe that his Body and his understanding are Twinns; for though it be a cruel torment for a wise man to be bound in a Chaire whilst a foole talks him to death, yet I conclude him to be none of the wisest that is overmuch taken in love with any thing that is written in this Pamphlet, neither hath he any other then a Tiff any patience that is very angry at the writer that cares not for it; truth doth seldome goe without a scratcht face; and though *Mellancholicks* and *Pragmaticks* doe play *O Max* in desperation, and write oddly, madly, yet I am so tame a foole that I doe dare neither to write Knavishly, or speake wisely; though (perhaps) I do

doe now and then shew my valour in thinking truly.

The pestilent penne of pestiferous Pragmaticall, Aquaticall poetasters hath sweat out whole Reames to small purpose; they have transformed, and metamorphosed *Mercurie* into more shapes then ever *Proteus* had: most curiously curious *Mercurius* hath beene sublimated like a Neapolitan Unguent or Unction with a pretence to cure the Kingdome of the *Morbus Gallicus*, Arbitrary tyranny; but all those nimble feather braind, froath witted *Mercuriallists* have done no better then playd the Juggling Alchymists, or like an Imposture Quacksalver hath turned all our money into Quick-silver, with hei presto 'tis gone: (to the Devill I thinke) my selfe, with some hundreds of the Kings Servants, are in the happy condition of Poets, poore and pennyleffe, our Purse being turn'd Brownists, not enduring a crosse to come neere'em; but the most of us are practis'd in the Carthusian order, abstinence or fasting (*Nolens volens*) so that whereas in the dayes of Yore, *Diebus illis*, Halcion times, some grosse witted sonns of ignorance would call us his Majesties Biese-eaters, or the Kings Cormorants, and other pritty foolish Apellations, and Epeithites; so that if any of us ever were Cormorants, I am sure that most of us are transformed into Camellions, Aire, Smoake, Vapours, words and winde, being our delicate dainty first and second courses; yet (by supernall favour and providence) wee hold up our heads, stand on our feet, looke chearfully, and talke as heartily as some that fare deliciously: we have seene some high floods, and low ebbs, and that part or spoake in Times wheele that is lowest may be raised; in the meane space we will feede upon hope till we can get better Victualls.

Greedy Gatherers of too much *Mammon*, will (one day) finde it like the gathering of so much *Manna*, it will turne to wormes, and gnaw the Consciences of the avaricious possessors; great faults are commonly Gentlemen-ushers to great punishments, one drawes the other after, and as the Thread followes the Needle, even so proditorious, perfidious,

dious, and presumptuous actions are deg'd by self guiltines, and doom'd by divine vengeance to unavoyded destruction.

There is a new trade lately practis'd in England, which is to cut throats, and kill men for 3. or 4.s. a weeke, they say the Devill himselfe is Master of the Company: the most part, or greatest numbers of this society are so far from the way of Peace, that they hate the peace of their Countrey: they have banished the Peace of Conscience, the Kings peace (I am sure) they have broken, and the peace of God, they (through want of understanding) have no stomach to.

In the Introduction to Grammer (Vulgarly called the Accidence) there is the Common of 2, and the Common of 3; but right and true bred English men have bene Gramarians in more Commons then 2 or 3: we had a House of Commons Renowned, Religious, Venerable, and honorable, and should be in that reverend regard, that detraction (or distraction) should not so much as snarle, or grumble against: we see now that honorable House daily abus'd, traduc'd, and expos'd to the most and worst of what transcendent defamatory tongues, or penes can (out of griefe of heart) inveterate mallice, spleenative envy, or the gall of Birterneffe, speake, write, invent or publish.

The *Common Wealth* is not common, but private, and so private that a few have got all, many have lost all, and the greatest number have ne're a whit; insomuch that the Common wealth is not the wealth that is common, the want of which hath made me and many thousands to be much troubled with the Kings Evil.

The Common prayer was esteemed a good Director (or Direction) but now it is contradicted by another Antidirectory, much better then the old one, as some wise men say.

The *Common Purse* is empty, the *Common Treasure* is invisible; the *Common Counsell* are Grave, and wise, and would

would have all well : there are some good men wanting who should hasten the effecting of the *Common* safety ; but there is here , there (but not every where) a *Common Whore* that lyes like damnable stumbling blocks , that the *Common* wayes are filthy , uneven , unmened , and irreparable , whilst our *Common misery* is continually encreased , repiured , enlarged , extended , and amplified .

There are also halfe a dozen of *Cases* as *ablative* , *genitive* , *vocative* , *accusative* , *nominative* ; Reader I request , will , and require you to beare with my misplacing of the cases ; I pray you consider that all things are out of order , great men and small men , low men and tall men , be it knowne unto all men that there is a *bad Case* , a *good Case* , a *base Case* , a *meane Case* , a *Trebble Case* , a *desperate Case* , a *mad Case* , a *sad Case* , a *woefull Case* , a *wretched Case* , a *fine Case* , and a *poore Case* , hey all six and six .

But hold , hold , wit whither wilt thou , take heed (old *Jack Taylor*) keep thy first principles , stand to thy promise , beware of writing a wise word , it , and , of , for , by , from , to , at , wherefore , it's no matter when , or why , make an end to no end , and as thy Title was intrincicall , so let thy Epilogue , and Catastrophe be nonsencicall in heroick , duncicall , and naturall , artificiall Verses , beyond the understanding of all the Colledges , or Universities of either Kent or Christendome , Christian or Shropshire man , and let the world know , that by the rules of *Gallen* , *Hippocrates* , *Avicen* , *Paracelsus* , or *Esculapius* himselte , the running gout will never make a good footman .

*Like to th' embrodered Meadows of the Moone ,
Or like the houres 'twixt six and seven at Noone ,
Or like a Cock that wants Stones , Spurs , and Combe ,
Or like a Traveller that's no're from home ,
Or like Tobacco that wants stink or smoake ,
Or like the Devil in Religious Cloake ;
Such is this Pamphlet , writ with such advisement ,
As troubles not the State , or what the Wise meant .*

FINIS.